

Good Morning 468

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Lifting the Veil —Gale Fashion

THE gust of wind that tore off the bride's veil, flung it high in the air and wrapped it around one of the spire's, disorganised the whole wedding procession as it left St. Matthias Church, Plymouth.

Twenty-two years old bus "clippy" Miss Sylvia Pascoe, of Lipson, had married Stoker P.O. Charles Rokson (late Submarine Porpoise), of 20, Cole-ridge-avenue, West Hartlepool.

As numerous well-wishers gathered, the bride's smile suddenly changed to a little scream of terror as her head-dress and veil were wrenched off and the flimsy lace went sailing upward. Confusion reigned in the ranks of the retinue.

The groom dashed off, preparing to climb the spire.

"This is a job for the best man," said Stoker P.O. Allan Uden, stopping the bridegroom. "You've got a missus to look after now. Give us a leg-up, boys!" and up he went—as only

a sailor can—clinging to tiny cracks and edges in the masonry.

The bride and the crowd—bigger than ever now—gazed fascinated at the best man's fingers reached the veil; but alas, it was tight to the spire, as if fixed with glue.

Then up spake brave Uncle Ted Fice: "We won't let it spoil our girl's wedding; find me a ladder, quick." And, balancing on the church roof, each in his best suit, the two men restored the veil to the bride, and the crowd cheered.

Said 75-years-old Mrs. Fice, grannie of the bride: "It's a good sign when the bride's veil wraps itself around a church spire, you'll be blessed with good luck, dear." And so, with this incident blossomed the romance started at dawn four months ago, when a "clippy" punched a Petty Officer's ticket on the first bus.

Tiptoe past this house

The Matron, Mrs. R. Cox, a local woman who is a fully-trained nurse, finds it very good fun looking after Watford's war-workers' children during the day.

She came out of retirement to take up this position, and really has a whole-hearted interest in the children's welfare.

She delights in passing on advice on child-rearing to mothers—"No little detail concerning a child is unimportant, I want to know every little thing about your child"—I heard her say to a

mother, on the telephone, who was worried in case she was wasting Matron's time over some triviality concerning her baby.

The Nursery was originally the tea pavilion in Watford Natural Park (Cassiobury Park). Extra buildings have had to be added to cope with the ever-increasing demand.

Over 80 children are accommodated at this Nursery, and Matron told me there are dozens waiting for admittance—"As a matter of fact," she said, "one mother put her name on the waiting list before her child was born."

Accommodation is limited to children of mothers who are on full-time war-work. Most of

W. H. MILLIER AND HIS PALS AT "THE SIGN OF THE JOLLY ROGER"

THESE BIG BOSSES STUDIED THE STARS

THE conversation was carried on a higher plane at the Jolly Roger the other evening, and this was due in one part to the visit of the parson, and in the other to the fact that Paddy Lynch, the former jockey, had breached the subject of the National Stud in Ireland. He had casually mentioned that it was a grand thought on the part of Lord Wavertree to form this great thoroughbred breeding establishment and to give it to the nation.

Then the gov'nor agreed, and said that he knew Lord Wavertree when he was Colonel William Hall Walker, head of the firm of Liverpool brewers, a great sportsman in every sense of the term.

"HE was not just a race-horse owner," said the gov'nor, "but he knew almost all there was to know about the thoroughbred horse. He was a clever rider in his young days, and won many good races under pony and Galloway racing rules. He was in his right element in a racing stable, and although he had many widely scattered interests, his great joy was in horse-racing."

"He certainly had no reason to complain of his luck in this connection. He won the Grand National in 1896 with The Soarer, a horse that was really well named, as he used to fly over his fences like a bird."

"He also won The Oaks in 1905 with Cherry Lass, the year that he headed the list of winning owners with £23,687 won in eighteen races. In the previous year he had topped the list in Ireland. He was again leading owner in 1907."

"Wasn't he a Member of Parliament?" asked the parson.

"Yes," replied the gov'nor. "He was M.P. for Widnes for more years than I can remember, and a very sensible Member, too. He took his political work very seriously, and yet found time to indulge in plenty of sporting activities. He was a great man in his way."

"He was a fine yachtsman and won many good races. As he was a brilliant rider, you may guess that he was also a first-class polo player. He could also swim with more than average ability, and had won prizes for fencing."

"He was also a first-class shot, and I think his record of 120 stags in a season has never been surpassed. But the most

curious thing about him, I suppose, was his passion for astrology."

"Then he goes down wallop in my estimation," said the parson. "He must have been clever to have been able to do all those things with such striking success, which makes it even less excusable."

"I can understand a man who is almost entirely without education believing in such humbug as astrology, because most people are inclined to be superstitious, but it beats me to hear of one who is so intelligent leaning on that Pagan belief."

"Yet it seemed to have worked out very well in his case," said the gov'nor. "He used to compile a horoscope of all his horses as soon as they were born, and he only allowed them to race on the dates that were marked down as their lucky days. I have known him to withdraw a horse because the date had been overlooked when the entry was made."

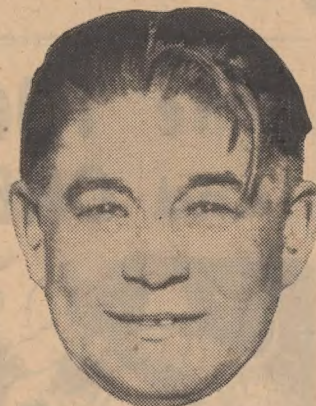
CONSULTING THE STARS.

"It is all very interesting, but quite absurd," said the parson.

"Well you have heard me talk about Francois Descamps," said Nat Wilson. "He was not what you would describe as a well-educated man, but he certainly was clever, just about the cleverest fellow the boxing game knew."

"He used to study astrology for all he was worth, and I know for a fact that he would not agree to a date offered by a promoter if he found that it didn't fit in with the lucky dates on Carpentier's chart."

"But that did not always work out to be lucky," said



FRANCOIS DESCAMPS

the gov'nor. "If it was Descamps who picked the dates, his belief in astrology must have been badly shaken when Carpentier was beaten by Dempsey and by Siki."

"And if all we have read concerning Mr. Hitler is true," put in Paddy, "sure, his faith in astrology must be knocked to smithereens. He is supposed to have timed all his moves and big attacks according to astrological charts. He bit off the wrong date when he decided to go to Russia instead of having a smack at invading us here."

"Yes," said the gov'nor, "I suppose that example will rank as about the biggest one can find anywhere to teach one to avoid taking astrological tips for the purpose of finding winners."

"I don't say that I knew many boxers who were particularly interested in the stars they were born under," said Nat, "but I can say that I never knew one who was not superstitious in some way or other."

"They nearly all had some sort of mascot, which would, they thought, bring them good luck. They would listen to any sort of twaddle in the fortune-telling line, and would never think of refusing to give money to gipsies who pretended to read their palms."

"Gipsies!" exclaimed Paddy. "Why, they are the most superstitious people on earth. Do you know, among many of their fantastic beliefs is one that their children can be cured of whooping cough if the ailing children are breathed upon by a thoroughbred horse."

"In one stable I was in, the trainer hated the sight of gipsies, and wouldn't have any of them within a mile of our place. When some gipsy women came along with their unwashed urchins and wanted to be allowed into a loose box, I thought the trainer would have forty fits. He went for his shot-gun and chased 'em off."

"Later on I had to take a horse to the farrier, and then the same women came with tears in their eyes and begged me to let the horse breathe on their brats. Of course, I laughed, and let 'em shove their kids under the horse's nose."

"I asked them why they didn't use their own horses for this purpose, and they were astonished that I was so ignorant as not to know that it had to be a thoroughbred horse."

"That is a new one to me," said the gov'nor, "and I thought I had heard most of these silly superstitions knocking around the world."

THE PARSON'S VIEWS.

"I suppose the average clergyman gets to know quite a lot of these old wives' tales in the course of time," said the parson, "and for my part I do my best to stamp them out, but it is not at all easy. I find the best way is to try to get at the origin of each superstition and to show how it has been altered down the ages."

"For instance, the widespread belief that 13 is an unlucky number is said to arise from the fact that 13 sat at table at the Last Supper, and that Judas, the first to rise, next day hanged himself."

"Also to the Last Supper may be attributed the legend of bad luck attending the spilling of salt, Judas being the disciple to upset the salt. The idea of throwing salt over the left shoulder is supposed to be to throw it into the Devil's eye."

"Then again, we have the superstition that it is unlucky to pass under a ladder. This is thought to have arisen from early pictures of the Crucifixion, in which a ladder leaned against the Cross. The Devil was depicted crouching beneath the ladder."

"But surely," suggested the gov'nor, "most of the superstitions that still persist are older than Christianity?"

"I believe that is so," answered the parson. "Many of them are traceable to Pagan origin. All savage races have various forms of mascots which are supposed to avert evil, to bring rain in season, and cure all sorts of ailments, but then, they have never been taught otherwise, and one can make excuses for savages, but civilised people should know better."

"What about our brave boys who fly the fighter and bomber planes?" asked Nat. "They have their rabbits' feet, and what not, to bring them luck."

"Oh, there's no harm in that," answered the parson. "I just laugh at them and tell the boys to trust in God and their own physical fitness, as well as their mental alertness. There is not much wrong with those fellows. They have to live clean lives, and they do."

"Why are you so down on astrology, may I ask?" said Nat. "Even if it doesn't always work out to be right, there cannot be much harm in believing that it may do so."

"In the first place," answered the parson, "astrology is all bunkum, if I may use a vulgar phrase, and it is seized upon by persons as a means of telling fortunes. It may frequently be the means of persuading credulous people to do foolish things, and in any event it cannot have any other than a derogatory effect upon the character."

"The idea at the back of it all is to try to get something by luck instead of by our own efforts. To be strictly logical, we must assume that there is no such thing as luck. We searching for the right star to give us inspiration, or good make our own success by our own efforts in the vast majority of instances. The idea of luck, if you prefer to put it that way, is all wrong."

"It is on all fours with trying to gather your harvest without the necessity of reaping and sowing. What use would astrology be to the athlete who, on looking at his horoscope, found that as the race was to be run on one of his lucky days, there would be no need to train thoroughly?"



the children's fathers are in the Forces.

The parents pay one shilling per day. This includes medical examination, three meals a day, and preliminary schooling for the older children by a trained infants'

school teacher. Children are allowed to attend the Nursery up to the age of five years.

Soldiers who train in the park tip-toe past the Nursery lest they should disturb the little mites' sleep. Well—that's what the nurses say!

Your letters are welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

Buried Alive: Sunk Fifty Fathoms Deep

SEEING that the night was not far advanced and that the Sultan of the Indies was profoundly interested in the voyages of Sindbad the Sailor, Scheherazade continued to entertain him with the story of the fourth voyage.

The company (she said) finished dinner, as on the previous occasions and Sindbad, taking a glass of wine, addressed himself to the porter and his guests.

I was again prevailed upon by my passion for traffic, and curiosity to see new things; I therefore put my affairs in order; and having provided a stock of goods fit for the places where I designed to trade, I set out on my journey.

We put out to sea, and were seized by such a sudden gust of wind as obliged the captain to furl his sails, and to take other necessary precautions to prevent the danger that threatened us: but all was in vain; our endeavours took no effect; the sails were torn in a thousand pieces, and the ship was stranded, so that a great many of the merchants and seamen were drowned, and the cargo lost.

I had the good fortune, with several of the merchants and mariners, to get on a plank; and we were carried by the current to an island which lay before us.

Next morning, as soon as the sun was up, we walked from the shore, and advancing into the island, saw some houses, to

The THOUSAND and ONE NIGHTS



which we went; and as soon as we came thither, we were encompassed by a great number of blacks, who seized us, shared us among them, and carried us to their respective habitations.

I and five of my comrades were carried to one place; they made us sit down immediately, and gave us a certain herb, which they made signs to us to eat. My comrades, not taking notice that the blacks eat none of it themselves, consulted only the satisfying their own hunger, and fell to eating with greediness: but I, suspecting some trick, would not so much as taste it.

The blacks gave us that herb at first, on purpose to deprive us of our senses, that we might not be aware of the sad destiny prepared for us; and they gave us rice on purpose to fatten us: for, being cannibals, their design was to eat us, as soon as we grew fat.

They did accordingly eat my comrades, who were not sensible of their condition; but my senses being entire instead of growing fat, as the rest did, I grew leaner every day, which proved my safety; for the blacks killed and eat my companions, seeing me to be withered, lean, and sick, deferred my death till another time.

Meanwhile I had a great deal of liberty, so that there was scarce any notice taken of what I did; and this gave me an opportunity one day to get at a distance from the houses, and to make my escape.

On the eighth day I came near the sea, and saw white people like myself, gathering pepper, of which there was great plenty in that place. This I took to be a good omen, and went to them without any scruple.

As soon as they saw me, and asked me in Arabic who I was, and whence I came, I was overjoyed to hear them speak in my own language, and willingly satisfied their curiosity.

They presented me to their king, who was a good prince: he had the patience to hear the relation of my adventures, which surprised him; and he afterwards gave me clothes, and commanded care to be taken of me. The island was very well peopled, with abundance of every thing; and the capital was a place of great trade.

As I made my court very exactly to the king, he says to me one day, Sindbad, I love thee; and all my subjects who know thee treat thee according to my example. I have one thing to demand of thee, which thou must grant.

I have a mind thou shouldst marry, replies he, that thou mayst stay in my dominions, and think no more of thy own country.

I dared not resist the prince's will, and he gave me one of the ladies of his court, a noble, beautiful, chaste, and rich lady.

One day, the wife of one of my neighbours, with whom I had contracted a very strict friendship, fell sick and died. I went to see and comfort him in his affliction; and finding him swallowed up with sorrow, I said to him as soon as I saw him, God preserve you, and grant you a long life.

Alas! replies he, how do you think I should obtain that favour you wish me? I have not many hours to live; for I must be buried this day with my wife. This is a law which our ancestors established in this island, and always observed inviolably: the living husband is interred with the dead wife,

and the living wife with the dead husband. Nothing can save me; every one must submit to this law.

While he was entertaining me with an account of this barbarous custom, his kindred, friends, and neighbours came in a body to assist at the funeral.

The husband walked at the head of the company, and followed the corpse. They went up to a high mountain, and when they came thither, took up a great stone, which covered the mouth of a very deep pit, and let down the corpse, with all its apparel and jewels. Then the husband, embracing his kindred and friends, suffered himself to be put into another open coffin, without resistance, with a pot of water and seven little loaves, and was let down in the same manner they let down his wife. The ceremony being over, they covered the hole again with the stone, and returned.

I could not forbear speaking my thoughts of this matter to the king. Sir, says I, may I presume to demand of your majesty, if strangers be obliged to observe this law?

Without doubt, replies the king (smiling at the occasion of my question) they are not exempted, if they be married in this island.

I went home very melancholy at this answer; for the fear of my wife dying first, and that I

QUIZ for today

1. Zeta is a kind of cake, Maori girl's name, Greek letter, God of Lightning, Mexican dance?

2. What is the proper name for the bird called a thick-knee?

3. In what sport do you wear a bracer and tips?

4. In whose reign was (a) Wales united with England, (b) Scotland united with England?

5. Where is Southampton Island?

6. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Liquify, Liquor, Liquorish, Liqueur, Liquorice, Liquedate.

Answers to Quiz in No. 467

1. Signet.
2. Nightjar.
3. Two, and both must be of the sun.
4. Platinum heaviest, Mercury lightest.
5. Antartctica.
6. Porphyry, Porpoise.

Answers to Puzzle in No. 467.
1. 44 triangles.
2. Not possible.



"You see, darling, I couldn't get back earlier—all the 'controls' were gone!"

should be interred alive, occasioned me to have very mortifying reflection. I trembled, however, at every little indisposition of my wife; but, alas! in a little time my fears came upon me all at once; for she fell sick and died in a few days.

The king and all the court would honour the funeral with their presence, and the most considerable people of the city did the like. When all was ready for the ceremony, the corpse was put into a coffin, with all her jewels and magnificent apparel. The cavalcade was begun; and, as second actor in this doleful tragedy, I went next to the corpse, with my eyes full of tears, bewailing my deplorable fate. In short, the fatal ceremony being performed, they covered up the mouth of the pit, notwithstanding the excess of my grief, and my lamentable cries.

As I came near the bottom of the pit, I discovered, by help of the light that came from above, the nature of this subterranean place: it was a vast long cave, and might be about fifty fathoms deep. I immediately left my coffin, and getting at a distance from the corpses, held my nose, and lay down upon the ground, where I stayed a long time bathed in tears.

I went groping about, with my nose stopped, for the bread and water that was in my coffin, and took some of it. I lived for some days upon it, which being all spent, at last I prepared for death.

As I was thinking of death, I heard the stone lifted from the mouth of the cave, and immediately the corpse of a man was let down. While they let down the woman, I approached the place where the coffin was to be put; and as soon as I perceived they were covering the mouth of the cave, I gave the unfortunate wretch two or three great blows

over the head with a large bone that I found, and killed her.

I committed this inhuman action merely for the sake of her bread and water that was in her coffin, and thus I had provisions for some days more.

One day, as I had despatched another woman, I heard something walking and blowing or panting as it walked. I advanced towards that side from whence I heard the noise; and, upon my approach, the thing puffed and blew harder, as if it had been running away from me: I followed the noise.

I followed it so long and so far, till at last I perceived a light, resembling a star: I went on towards that light; and at last discovered that it came through a hole of the rock, large enough for a man to get out at. When I was recovered from my surprise, I found the thing which I had followed to be a creature which came out of the sea to feed upon the dead carcasses.

I returned to this dark place again, and groped about among the biers for all the diamonds, rubies, pearls, gold bracelets, and rich stuffs I could find: these I brought to the shore, and tying them up neatly into bales with the cords that let down the coffins, I laid them together upon the bank, waiting till some ship passed by.

After two or three days, I perceived a ship that had just come out of the harbour, and passed near the place where I was: I made a sign with the linen of my turban, and called to them as loud as I could; they heard me, and sent a boat to bring me on board.

Sindbad finished the relation of his fourth voyage and gave a new present of a hundred sequins to Hindbad, whom he prayed to return the next day, at the same hour, to dine with him, and to hear the story of his fifth voyage.

(To be continued)

WANGLING WORDS—407

1. Put a wood in SS and get some meat.
2. Rearrange the letters of TIM ON MARY and get one of the United States. (There is a catch in this!)
3. In the following three sweet eatables the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? 457K18, 25725L563, 257Z1458, 9U8653.
4. Find the two hidden Dickens characters in: The boy feels queer since he fell over, and may well err in his judgment.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 406

1. Earth.
2. COFFEE, WHISKEY, LEMONADE, CIDER.
3. Dickens, Doyle, Farjeon, Jerome, Chesterton.
4. Lar-ch, El-m.

JANE



NOW QUEUE UP, BOYS—DON'T BREAK RANKS!—EITHER JANE OR DINAH WILL SERVE YOU—ALL IN GOOD TIME—



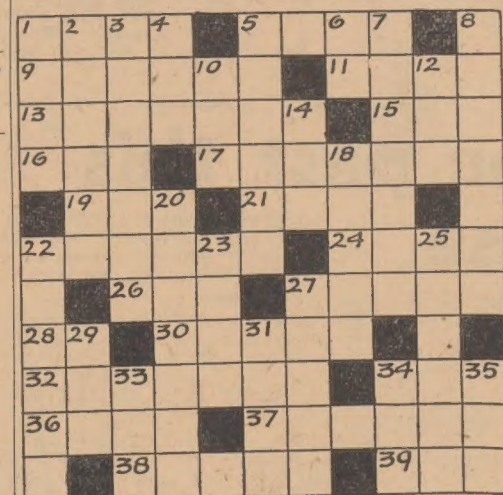
I VOTE FOR JANE!
THE EYES HAVE IT—BUT GIMME THE LIPS!—HA! HA!—JOKE!—GET IT?
PIPE DOWN, SMILER!



PRESERVE ME FROM THAT SMILER SMITH, DINAH—AND HIS AWFUL WISECRACKS!—HE'S ONE TOO MANY FOR ME!

LEAVE HIM TO ME, JANE!—THAT BOY'S A HOST IN HIMSELF—HE MAKES YOU BELIEVE IN "PLATOONIC" LOVE!—BUT MY BERT SAYS THERE'S SAFETY IN NUMBERS...

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

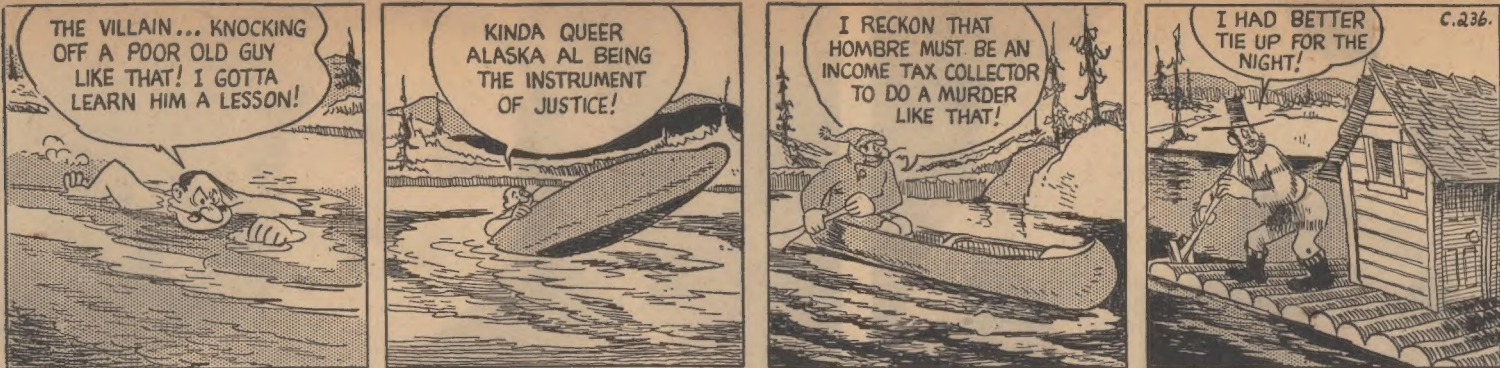
- 1 Cloak top.
- 5 Proceeds.
- 9 Scrape off.
- 11 Empty spaces.
- 13 Very bright.
- 15 Chart.
- 16 Small child.
- 17 Sort of top.
- 19 By this time.
- 21 Ill-favoured.
- 22 Going out.
- 24 Fish.
- 26 Ox.
- 27 Girl's name.
- 28 Because.
- 30 Race official.
- 32 Mitigate.
- 34 Meadow.
- 36 Plane.
- 37 Harmonise.
- 38 Barter.
- 39 River of Hereford.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Handle.
- 2 Rectangle.
- 3 Rhetoric.
- 4 Weir.
- 5 Brain brilliance.
- 6 For instance.
- 7 White dog.
- 8 Support.
- 10 Accomplished.
- 12 Mate.
- 14 Interpolate.
- 18 Make indistinct.
- 20 Come through O.K.
- 22 Extols.
- 23 Burlesque.
- 25 Uniform.
- 27 Consciousness.
- 29 Title.
- 31 Fermented drink.
- 33 Fetch.
- 34 Moo.
- 35 Consumed.

TWELVE READ ROVE NEEDLE ARIHT FILE MEN ARBITER P CANYON Y SPECK TERSE R CENTRE X LIBERAL VAT OMEN MEDICO SEETHE OVER ERRS DIGEST

BEELZEBUB JONES



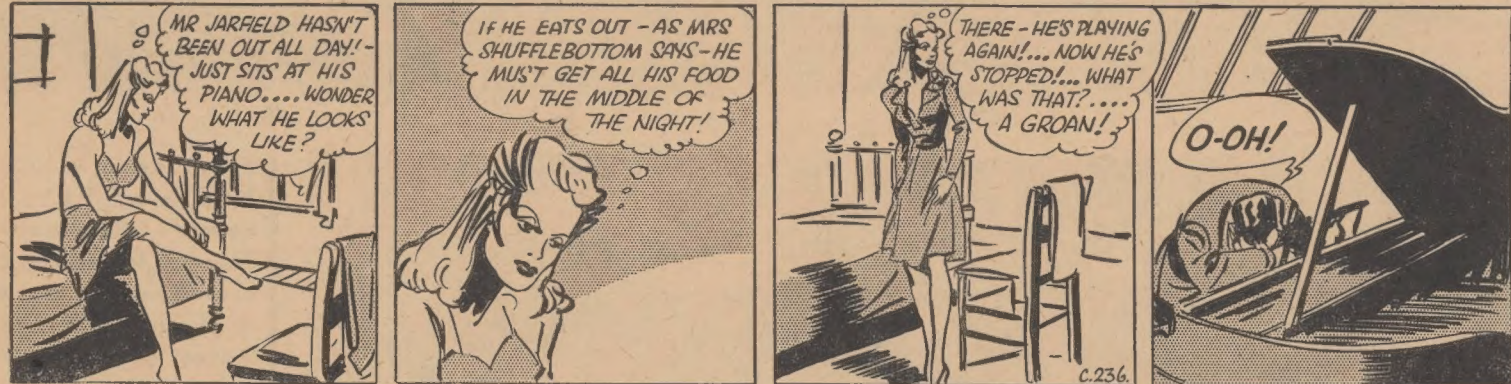
BELINDA



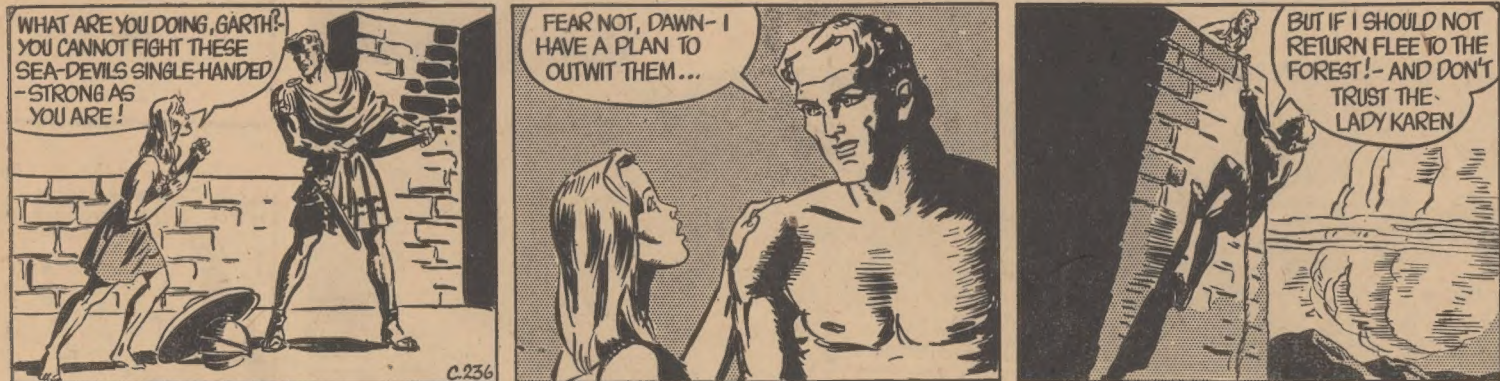
POPEYE



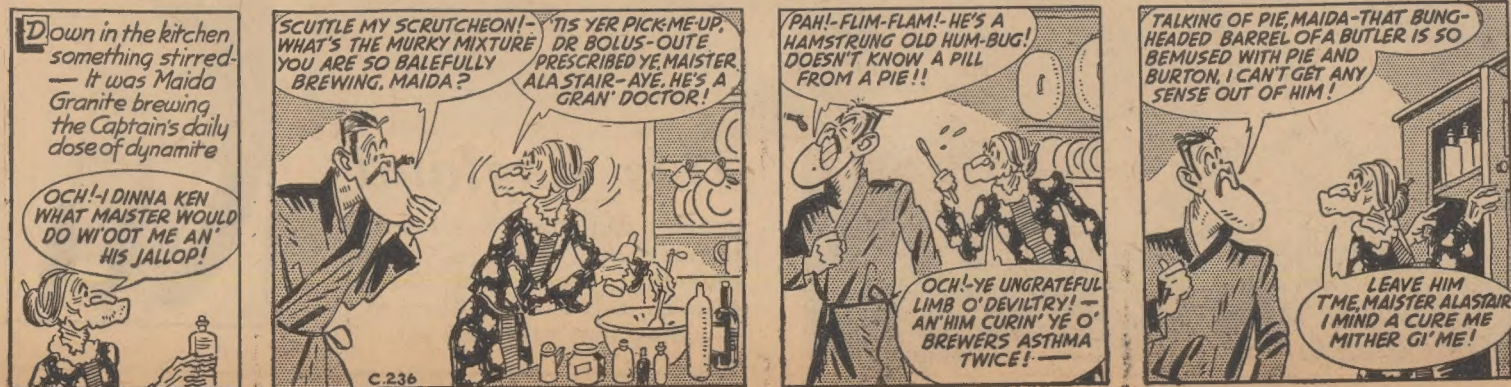
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Just Fancy—

By Odo Drew

WHILST waiting the other evening in a pub off the Charing Cross Road for a pal of mine who is an Admiral of the Fleet, I ran into a fellow from the Foreign Office.

In the course of conversation he told me that he had only been there for a few days, but that he liked it very much better than he did his job with E.N.S.A. When I asked him why, he said that there was much more fun at the Foreign Office.

"The blokes there," he said, "are both 'uman and 'umorous. I've 'ad more laughs in a week than in any six months before. It's a real tonic to 'ear Anthony Eden chortlin' over some crack by the Polish Ambassador, for example."

Confessing that I had not usually associated the Foreign Office with fun and games, he was prompt to assert that the humour was all on a very high level.

"Frinstance," he continued, "only this morning I wasn't quite sure 'ow to get on with a job, when some big noise came along and said, quite friendly like, 'My dear good man, you don't seem to know your anus from your 'umerus.'"

"Jolly good," I said. "B—y funny, I calls it," he said. "Real classical 'umour, 'igh-class without no vulgarity, neether."

Just at that moment my friend the Admiral came in and joined us. "Meet a gent from the Foreign Office," I said to him. "Pleased to meet you, chum," he replied.

They got on extraordinarily well together, both being, as it transpired, from the same school at Stonehouse.

CODE, OR COD?

TALKING of the Admiral reminds me of a note I got from the Admiralty the other day. I think it must be in code, but I can't trace the right one. It read: QWERTY UIOPA SDFGH JKLZX CVBNM "/>

Anybody recognise it?

BASIC FRENCH.

WITH Government support, Basic English is making great strides. But I have always felt that it is quite unnecessary to have some 800 basic words. Many fewer would, I am convinced, suffice.

Accordingly, I have been occupied during the past few months in reducing the French language to basic proportions, and have come to the conclusion that, for a submariner visiting a French port, a very small vocabulary is sufficient.

I would emphasise, however, that the list must be learnt thoroughly. A little practice will ensure the necessary fluency.

It consists of three short phrases. I have tried to reduce the number by one, but, after many experiments, feel that its efficiency would be so reduced as to nullify any possible gain in simplicity.

The first phrase is, "Ou est?" (pronounced oo ay), meaning "Where is?" The second phrase, "Combien?" (pronounced combeang), meaning "How much?" And the third, "Pas ce soir" (pronounced pah ser swar), meaning "Some other time, perhaps."

It will be found that these three phrases will enable the rating to mix on a friendly basis with the locals and will facilitate the establishment of cordial relations with all and sundry.

Whilst it has been a laborious task, considering and eventually discarding 24,997 of the 25,000 words in the French dictionary I used, I cannot help but feel that those labours will earn ample compensation if I have, in any way, helped to ease the path of any of my readers when visiting places across the Channel.

Most of us nowadays realise the importance of being able to speak to other nationals in their own tongue. Who knows but that "Drew's Basic French" may lay a firm foundation for a more enduring Entente Cordiale?

FLYING BOMBS.

THE following letter, received by underground routes from Germany, may vitally affect our attitude to Germany in the post-war settlement. I commend it to your earnest attention, for we must be fair, even to the enemy, mustn't we?

It comes from General Rottenleier, commander of the Sewerdivision of the Ponken Grenadiere. He was, for a time, in charge of the flying bomb ramps in the Pas de Calais.

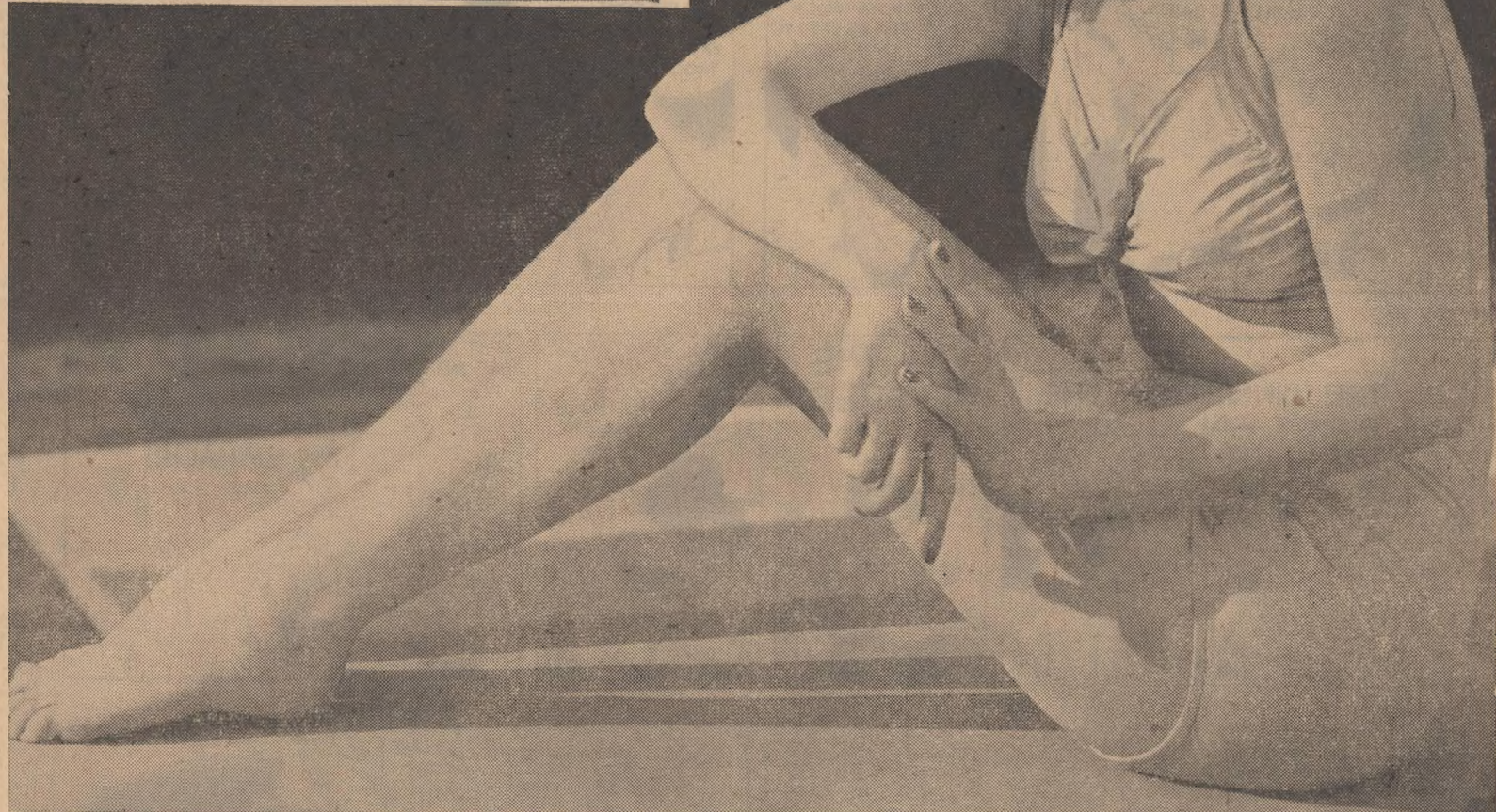
This is the gist of it: "When we were these bombs given against England off to fire, they to us that they were harmless did say. We have believed that they with simple bang-stuff gefilled were and that no damages would they do. But so to say was false. Had we of their real nature any idea had, we them not have fired wouldn't. Civilians to hurt is to the German soldier's nature repulsive. By the Nazis we once more deceived have been. We think it good fun to frighten you with bangs, but to damage, no of course." Obviously those Nazis again. It is rather rotten that simple German soldiers should have to suffer from the deceitful practices of such people, don't you think?

Good Morning

The morning after the night before — or "Where's that ice?"



"We're happy when we're hiking"—Let's all fall in and follow them.



From deep in the heart of Texas comes Constance Moore, Paramount star—and it's deep in the heart of this Texan beauty we'd wish to be.



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF



This England

When John Kidd led Lorna Doone, his bride of that morning, from old Oare Church, this was the Exmoor valley that met his eyes.